Methodist hosp.

PAM.
MED. MISS.

IN CRUCE SALUS

Methodist Hospital

Nanking, China

1885-1905

To him that is ready to faint kindness should be showed from his friend.
Even to him that forsaketh the fear of the Almighty.—Job, vi. 14.

An Only Son.

If nineteen thousand persons came to your door every year asking a favor and you were able to do them a kindness, that would correspond to the work of our dispensary. And if during the year nine hundred who were sick and suffering were taken in and care and kindness were given them while they remained, that would correspond to our hospital work. The blind are made to see, the lame are made to walk, the dying are brought back to life and health and to the poor the Gospel is preached. When you remember that these people come, many of them from far distant places and all from the midst of densely populated districts, you will realize what an opportunity we have to extend the helping hand and gain access to the hearts of the people.

One day a farmer from a hamlet over one hundred miles away north of us brought his invalid son to the hospital, wheeling him on a wheelbarrow all the way. The father came into the dispensary and prostrating himself before me besought me to heal his son. The trouble required a serious surgical operation, to which both the father and son consented. It was performed. The father witnessed the operation and afterwards saw his son come out from under the influence of the anesthetic as one coming from the dead, heard him say that he felt no pain and then during the following days watched the glow of health return to his pale face and the vigor of full life gradually strengthen and fill out his wasted frame. Later he had the joy of seeing his stalwart son return to his little farm to be the stay and support of his declining years. Over the road where the young man had been wheeled a helpless and pain racked invalid, his light strong step carried him a glad and grateful witness of the work and love of a church in

Main Entrance to Hospital Grounds.

which he had found membership and because of whose work he was well and strong and happy. Many such cases are too poor to pay for board and treatment in the hospital and we must do it for no other compensation than their gratitude and the joys of service, both of which are large and go far towards making it a pleasure. Should we turn them away it would be to deprive them of help, as the native physicians do not attempt surgery.

A Donkey Story.

A group of Chinese women in a little village of Central China were crowding around an American lady, who was telling them the story of the Gospel. One with a more anxious face than the others, interrupted her talk by taking hold of her sleeve and asking her if she did not want a little boy, saying that she had one who was sick and would give him to the foreign lady. The lady looked at her eager questioner and replied: "No, I do not want your little boy, but I will gladly take him into the city to the hospital and perhaps the doctor there can help him and send him back to you strong and well." "Thank you! thank you many times!" replied the Chinese woman, "but you must keep him as your own and he shall be a son to you." The little child, crying with pain and fright was brought into our hospital and an examination made to diagnose the difficulty. We found that the patient was suffering with inflammation of the hip joint, but that the child was not a boy but a little girl. The trouble caused her a great deal of pain, and because of the nature of the disease and her general condition I feared that we had a bad case to treat. However, I learned long ago that I could not

Dispensary Entrance.

ROBERT C. BEEBE, M. D.

Superintendent of Hospital. Decorated by the Emperor of China with Star of the Order of Double Dragon, 3d Rank.

expect *good* cases in China, but must do the best possible for the *old* cases that come to us in their extremity. So she was sent to the ward for women and children. The constant and tender care of the trained nurse, good food and a clean bed in a well ventilated room, full of God's sunshine, did their beneficent work and left very little for drugs or the appliances of surgery to do. The spirit of Him who took little children in his arms and blessed them, shown to her every day by the nurse, had its influence on her awakening soul, and with all the confidence and simplicity of her child nature she gave her glad heart to God.

We were somewhat puzzled by the statement of the Chinese woman that the patient was a boy until one time later when the same missionary lady was again at this village and asked for an explanation. The Chinese woman replied that this was her sister's child, that her sister had died and left the little girl for her to care for, but after she became ill and helpless she was more of a burden than the woman could carry. She could not get rice for all her family to eat and the poor woman thought that the foreign lady would be glad to adopt a boy, but would esteem a girl too lightly to take much trouble for it. So she had said that the child was a boy. The lady assured her that we made no difference in our love and care for girls and boys and that she

Main Entrance to Hospital.

HOSPITAL TOWER.

would send the girl to the mission school, where she would be cared for and educated. The little girl made a very good recovery. She goes with a halt when she walks and it was with a very halting mind and many tears that she left the hospital for her new abode at the Presbyterian school for girls, but she soon came to love her new home and has found that the same spirit of love in rich measure is there also, and she is growing up into an enlightened, happy, educated womanhood, in every way "a new creature."

An incident in this case has its amusing side, were it not so pathetic. The Chinese people are always grateful for a kindness shown to them and feel that they must in some way repay it. This gratitude—often shown by the humblest coolie—is a great compensating feature of our work. This Chinese woman was very grateful and wrote a letter to the foreign lady, whose practice it was to itinerate from village to village, holding meetings with the women. For these tours she used a donkey, and the Chinese woman who had grown up in the belief in the transmigration of souls said in her letter that she was too poor to make any return for the very great kindness shown her, but she was hoping and praying that after she died she might be reborn as a donkey and carry her benefactress on her itinerating tours over the country. It may be needless to say that the spirit of her gratitude was tenderly appreciated and a brighter hope of the future revealed to her by her foreign friend.

The Dispensary Waiting Room.

The Little Sparrow.

Rev. Eo Yang Ren Shang,
Pastor of St. Luke's and Hospital Chaplain.

Several years ago a little bundle of rags was brought to our dispensary. It was large enough to cover the bottom of a bushel basket, and out of it peered a little pain-drawn face that appealed most earnestly for pity. The face belonged to a distorted, wasted little boy, over ten years of age. For several years he had suffered with disease of the spine and hip joint, and not only had his growth been arrested, but he was so deformed and crippled that he could not stand erect. He was weak, unclean beyond description, and suffered from lack of food and clothing. Somebody in the crowd that comes daily to our clinic had brought this flickering spark of humanity for us to pity and care for. Surely this was one of the "least," and gave us an opportunity of service to our Lord.

We took the little waif into the hospital, combed out the matted hair, cleansed and clothed and fed the wasted body, gave him a clean, comfortable bed in a bright, clean ward, and daily brought to bear on his case all that medicine and surgery have found to be helpful in such

St. Luke's, the Hospital Church.

MRS CHRISTIA W. HALL,
Matron and Superintendent of Nurses.

cases. It did not seem when he first came to us that he would live very many days, but he responded wonderfully to kindness and care, just as a little trampled and bruised flower will sometimes lift its head up toward the warm, reviving sun. As soon as he learned of Christ he gave his heart to him, and the worried, anxious look on his face gave place to an almost constant smile. He became like a ray of sunshine in the wards. He learned to read the Scriptures, and memorized many passages. He read these to other patients, and while he was never able to stand erect, he would creep into church, and, climbing up onto the front seat, would eagerly and smilingly take in the sermon and be an inspiration to all who saw him. His method of getting about, his small figure, and his way of perching

DR. WANG, DR. CHAO AND DR. CHEO,
Medical Assistants.

Rear View of Hospital.

The Operating Room.

on a seat with his cheerful manner, gave him the name among the foreigners of the "Little Sparrow."

He remained with us for a little over ten years, all of that time requiring constant care, support and treatment. As none of his family ever contributed to his support, this was given him by the hospital without charge. One day he complained of a worse attack of suffering than usual. He spoke of his trust in God, but soon sank into a state of unconsciousness, from which he passed into the land where there is no sickness or pain, no hunger or cold, no forsaking of friends, no lack of love, but where he saw the King in his beauty, the land of eternal youth, and where he rose superior to his frail body to see his Lord, and become like him.

Reception Room for Visitors.

A Dispensary Scene.

A Rear Corner.

Does it pay for the Church to do such work in non-Christian lands? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

A Final Word.

The Methodist Hospital at Nanking, China, was opened in 1885. The money for the main building was given by Mrs. Philander Smith and it stands as a memorial to her husband. The dispensary, the hospital chapel, the residence and service buildings were built by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the whole cost of running the hospital is met by fees from patients, contributions from friends of benevolent and mission work and from grants made by the Missionary Society. The increasing calls upon the society for its work in all parts of the world prevent its granting us all that is needed to meet the requirements of our work. There is probably no place in the world where the cost of living to the native is so cheap as in China, therefore money contributed for work there will accomplish more in the relief

One of the Wards for Men.

The Hospital Kitchen.

of suffering than in most other countries. One dollar and twenty-five cents gold is sufficient to provide board for one month in our hospital. This means good, generous living, better than most of the patients have in their own homes. Twenty-five dollars will provide board, bedding and washing for one patient a whole year. Will you support a bed for a year and exemplify the teachings of Christ by being a Good Samaritan and have the enjoyment of remembering the poor and suffering ones in China who are being helped through your gifts? To endow a bed so as to insure its continuous support year after year will require $500.00. It is our desire to raise a permanent endowment of $20,000.00 in order to meet the deficit each year arising from our charity work and to make it possible to have more beds for poor patients. This is a very urgent need and it is probable that there is no investment where this amount of money will do so much in kindness to the poor and in good to humanity as in this work. Will you not endow one or more beds and start a continuous work of beneficence that will go on long after you have given up your stewardship of wealth? We are in need of forty iron bedsteads. These will cost $200.00. Will you help us get these? We need for the improvement of our operating room $500.00. Will you furnish this

A Group of Hospital Assistants.

Hospital Kitchen Interior.

amount or help us to secure it? If you cannot undertake any of the foregoing special phases of support, we will be glad to have you help by any amount you may feel able to contribute.

Above all, we desire your interest, sympathy and prayers. These cheer, inspire and strengthen us.

"The gift without the giver is bare,
Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Send all contributions to A. B. Leonard, D. D., Mission Rooms, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, specifying them as for Methodist Hospital, Nanking, China, or direct to the Superintendent of the Hospital at Nanking.

ROBERT C. BEEBE, M. D.,
Superintendent.

Crawford Journal Pub. Co., Meadville, Pa.